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MAZAGINE

OCTOBER 1980

No. 172

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PLACE: Weeki Wachee Springs

CRACKED

THE
WORLD'S
HUMOREST
FUNNY
MAGAZINE

OCTOBER 1980

No. 172



WHAT'S UP FRONT
OUR COVER

ROBERT C. SPROUL, publisher

BILL SPROUL, editor

JOE CATALANO, contributing editor

GEORGE GLADIR, LEO DAVESON,
PAUL LAIKIN, ANDY LAMBERTI,
LOUISE LUGER, JOHN WILLIAMS,
CHARLES BROWN, RANDY EPLEY,
STEVE DOROBA, ELAINE OZIMOK, writers
JOHN SEVERIN, SURURI GUMEN,
SAMUEL WHITEHEAD, BILL WARD,
WARREN SATTLER, DON OREHEK,
HOWARD NOSTRAND, JOHN LANGTON,
CATHERINE SEVERIN, artists
RITA RIGHA, pruf rita
SYLVESTER P. SMYTHE, janitor

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FREE
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When CRACKED decided to do a TAKE OFF on the Dukes of Hazard vs. Chips, looks like somebody got the wrong idea!



LETUCE from our Readers



ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO CRACKED LETTUCE, 235 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, N.Y., N.Y. 10003

Dear CRACKED,

Well, all right!! Thanks for bringing back the Talking Blob in KING ARTHUR AND THE KNIGHTS OF THE RESERVED TABLE. I'd love to meet him some day.

Gloria Tortalini
Heightstown, N.J.

Dear Gloria,

And we're sure he'd love to meet you too. He loves Italians—especially with tomato sauce and parmesan cheese!

Dear CRACKED,

By mistake last month, I sent the check for my electric bill to you and a funny letter I had written for CRACKED to my electric company. Do you recall the incident?

Ester Shattuck
Madison, Wisconsin

Dear Ester,

Yup. And we're sure your electric company had a great time reading the funny letter you intended for us. We know WE had a great time spending the money intended for them!

Dear CRACKED,

IDIOTIC IDIOMS really lived up to its name.

Larry Twain
Little Rock, Ark.

Dear Larry,

Thanks. And as long as we're talking about names, say hello to your sister Frank for us.

Dear CRACKED,

How come IF ARNOLD WERE A REAL LIFE KID was so short?

Bill Paseka
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Bill,

If you think we're gonna answer, "because of his lack of height," forget it!

Dear CRACKED,

I think I lived up to the "I'M A PERFECT 10—WHAT'S YOUR I.Q." iron-on. After following the instructions carefully, I discovered I had put the thing on upside down.

Heather Leite
Omaha, Neb.

Dear Heather,

So? Whenever you wear the shirt, just walk around on your hands and no one will ever notice.

Dear CRACKED,

You forgot one important COMPANY MERGER OF THE FUTURE in CRACKED #171. Know what you'd get if you combine GM with the Hanes Stocking people?

Janet Perchak
Havana, Ill.

Dear Janet,
Cars that run?

Dear CRACKED,

CRACKED INTERVIEWS THE INFLATION BEATING KING was one of your best interviews in a long time which leads me to ask if CRACKED is doing any cutting back of its own during this mild recession?

David Gray
Cleveland, Oh.

Dear David,

No. We're still cramming the same high number of laughs into every issue.

Dear CRACKED,

How come you do so few satires of NBC shows?

Thomas T. Buehner
New Haven, Conn.

Dear Thomas,

They never seem to stay on the air long enough for us to pick on.



Dear CRACKED,

I guess I must be more out of shape than I thought. By the third page of THE CRACKED BOOK OF RUNNING, I was completely out of breath.

Joshua Latham
Falls Church, Va.

Dear Joshua,

Why didn't you just consult THE MEDICINE MAN in the same issue. He would have fixed you up.





Dear CRACKED,

I was in New York recently and was surprised not to see any original Severin drawings in the Museum of Modern Art.

George Tanket
Chicago, Ill.

Dear George,

Did you check the graffiti in the rest room?

Dear CRACKED,

Besides putting out a funny magazine, NEW DETECTORS OF THE FUTURE proves that you could also make a bundle designing and selling detectors as well. For an "Uninvited Guests Detector" I'd send you a fortune!

Cathy Davis
Uxbridge, Ont.

Dear Cathy,

Our latest "Fortune Finder Detector" has disclosed that you don't even have a fortune to send. What are you trying to pull here?!



Dear CRACKED,

Yesterday, I was invited to a birthday party and by the 3rd hour things were starting to get pretty dull. Well, I had a couple of copies of CRACKED in the car with me, so I went out and got them. Need I tell you what happened to the party then?

Jonathan Zavara
Gettysburg, Pa.

Dear Jonathan,

Nope. Everybody probably grabbed for the pages of your CRACKED'S, wrapped up the leftover food in it and went home.

Dear CRACKED,

Can you guys figure out this joke? What did the man say after he wolfed down his six cylinder engine for dinner?

Warren Kellogg
Richmond, Va.

Dear Warren,

I could have had a V-8!



Dear CRACKED,

For a mother, what's the best gift a 10-year-old can get?

Bobby Mengel
Louisville, Ky.

Dear Bob,

How about lost?

**NEXT ISSUE—CRACKED #173
ON SALE AT YOUR
FAVORITE NEWSSTAND
AUGUST 12th**



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It was a typical morning in *Hazzardous County*. The birds were chirpin', the moonshine was brewin' and Boo and Cuke Dork was bein' chased by the local police. Well, after about twenty minutes of this, the boys decided to drop out for a spell and pull into one of their favorite spots, "The Tuckered Possum" to get somethin' to eat.



That was some **mean swerve** you made on that last **curve**, Boo.

I know. Good thing this here's a **drive-in restaurant**.



Table for two, sir?

Drive this way, please.

Right.

Here ya go, sugar.

You sure this is what we ordered—a **California Burger**?

Double yup, honey. That's a **regular burger** with ketchup wrapped in a **bathing suit** 'stead of a bun.



Cuke, I'm no food Dinosaur...

You mean connoisseur.

but somehow I **don't think** this is how they make a **California Burger** in **Los Angeles**.

Well, look. We ain't got nothin' better to do today. Why don't we just **drive** on over thar and **check it out** for ourselves. It's only **2600 miles**.

And so our boys hopped into the ole General Flee and took off for that place they call L.A., takin' in a few of the sights, like the Grand Canyon, as they rode along.

This here's the **biggest ditch** I done ever seen. I still don't see a place to **drive out**.

GRAND CANYON

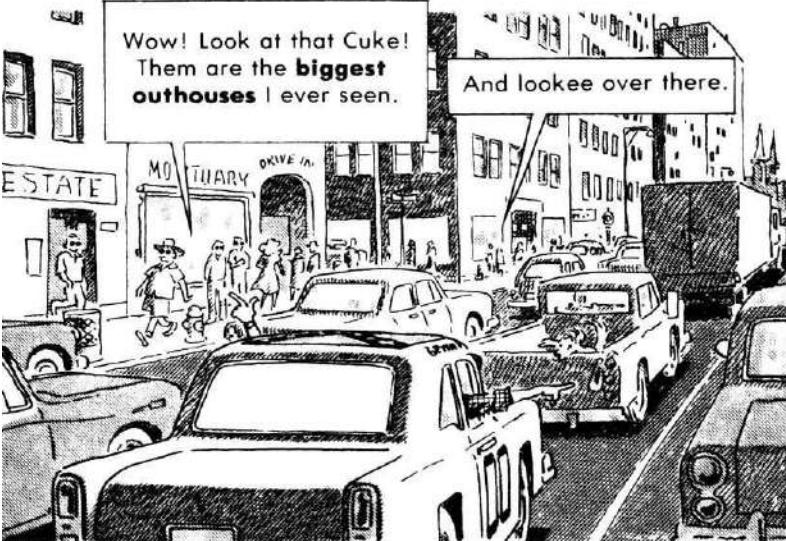
Well, I told you to go **'round it**, 'stead of tryin' to **jump 'cross** as a **shortcut**, but no you wouldn't listen to me.

Good idea.

But despite Boo's misjudgment in jumpin' the great ditch, they were soon in L.A., the **cousins** first look-see ever at a big city.

Wow! Look at that Cuke! Them are the **biggest outhouses** I ever seen.

And lookee over there.



Here's your **two burgers**.

See, I told ya they don't make 'em with **bathin' suits**!

Was there anything **else** on that order?

Yeah. You forgot our **side order of chips**.

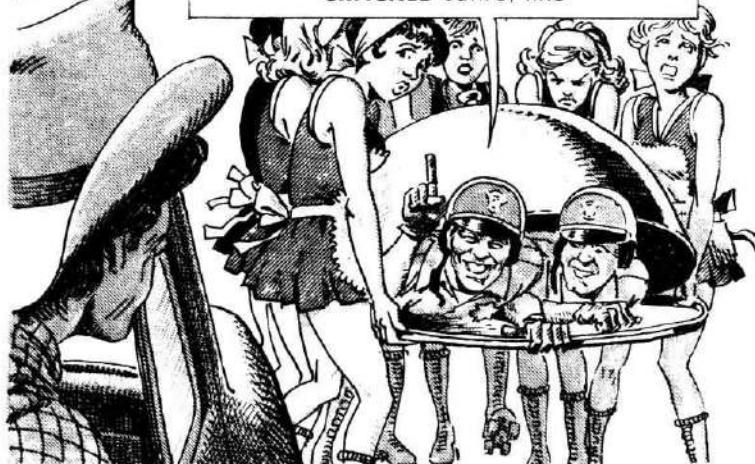
Right.

SEVERIN



What the...

Now **calm down**. You guys didn't do anything **wrong**. The only reason we made our **entrance** this way, was so we could come up with a **catchy title** for this next **CRACKED** satire, like



THE DORKS OF HAZZARDOUS WITH CHIPPS TO GO

Actually, we saw you coming into town and wanted to **check you out**.

You guys **check out** every car that pulls into L.A.?

Only the ones being **driven** by guys who **Punch** feels are as **cute** as **him** and might **muscle** in on his **women**.

Which girls in L.A. you **goin' out** with at the moment?

All of 'em.

Boo, look how **straight** **Punch** and **Yawn** stand.

That's cause they ain't **crooked** like the **cops** in **Hazzardous**.

HOUGENI

Who are you **guys** anyway?

We're **Dorks**.

Yeah, I could **tell that**, but **what's your names**?

I'm **Boo Dork** from **Hazzardous County** and this is my cousin **Cuke**.

A flat! Great!

Hey, look. We could give you a **ride** over there.

That's highly **irregular**. Besides, you guys know **nothing** about the law.

Like heck! Back in **Hazzardous** we get **chased** by it every day.

You know, I bet they could help, and besides...

Attention **Unit 53. Wire Hanger Boutique robbery** in progress on **Ventura Freeway**. Get over there at once.

Hey, nice to have met you, but we gotta split.

Well here good buddy. You guys can split this check.

Punch we ain't goin' anywhere.

If we leave 'em here **alone**, that **blond Dork's** liable to **steal** the chick I was **plannin'** to go out with between **10** and **10:15** tonight.

The Ventura Freeway is right up over there.

Whooh!! Look at the **size** of this **road**, Cuke. It's even bigger than **Turkey Buzzard Boulevard** back in **Hazzardous**.

How **big's** that?

They went all out and just **widened it to one lane**.

Heavy stuff.

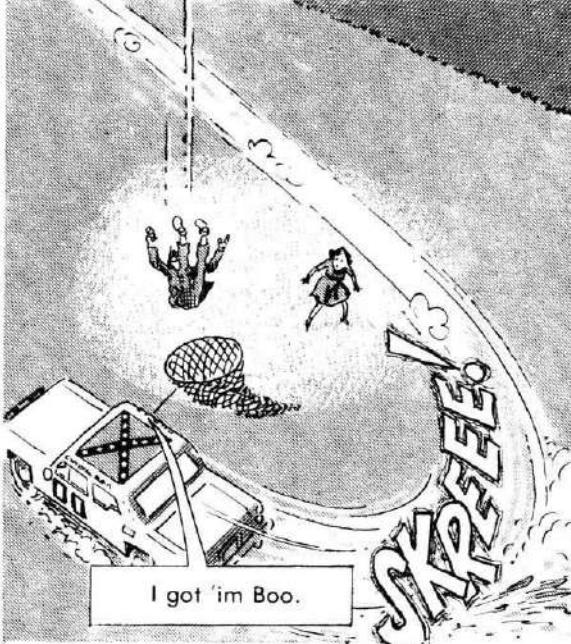
There's the **Wire Hanger Boutique**.

Think we're too **late**?

What do you think that **guy** is doing **chasing** that **girl**?

Heck, back in **Hazzardous** we call that **courtin' and sparkin'**.

You can pull in over there...right over...Pull in...Stop!...Stop!



That **arrest** was a bit **unconventional** for **L.A.** We usually **get out** of the **car** and **walk up** to our suspects when **nabbing** them.

Walk?
What's that?

How can I ever thank you?



You!! Heck, I'm cuter. I got blond hair.

So, I've got a **bigger smile**.

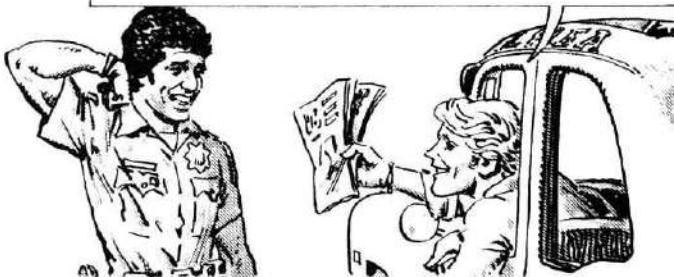


And I've got **muscles** too.

So, I was on the **covers** of both **Tiger Beat** and **16** last month.

And I was **right there** besides you and also made the **covers** of the **Star** and **Inquirer** to boot.

That was only because you had that **motorcycle accident**. Who wants to go out with a **broken** celebrity anyway.



Hey, **Yawn**. There's a **call** coming **through** for you on our **C.B.**

Thanks. I **left** your **number** with **head-quarters**.

That's the same **M.O.** as those **other** oil **hijackings**.

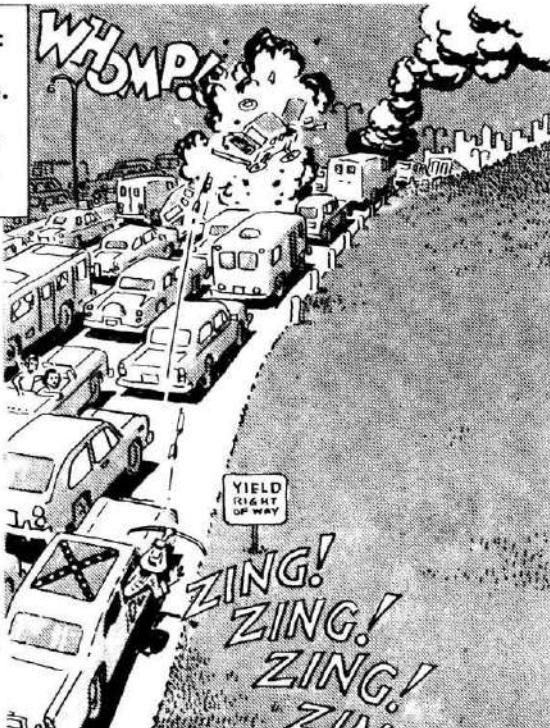
What's **M.O.?**

Don't be such a **hick**, **Cuke**. That's the **stuff** **Uncle Jester** gives us to **clean** out our **inside plumbin'** after we've had **too much to eat**.

Oil truck hijacking near Exit 33. Hijacker dressed in brass outfit and has light bulbs for eyes.

Well, let's go.

Hold it. There's **traffic** and it look like it's **backed up** for a **mile**. Darn! If we had our **bikes**, we coulda just **rode** right **through**.



So? We'll just **clear a path** like we do back in **Hazzardous**. **Cuke**, you're on.

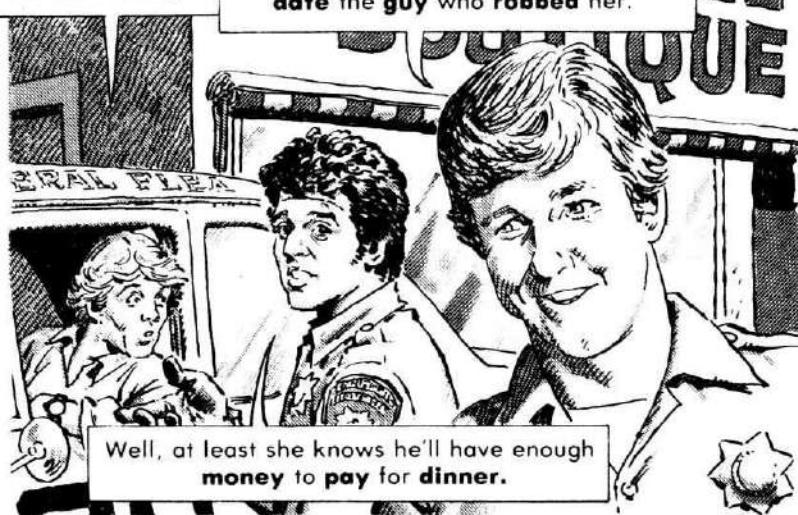
Hey, wait! You **can't** do **that**.

Sure I can. You just **load** the **arrow** and **pull** back on the **bow**.



Do you **Darlene**, honey?... Hey! Where'd she go?

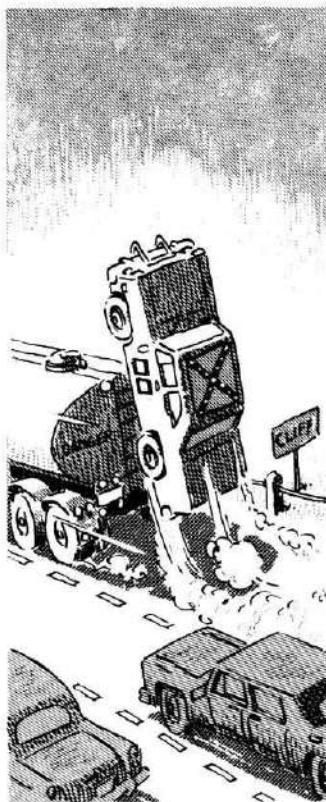
She couldn't take your **arguing** and decided instead to **drop charges** and **date the guy** who **robbed** her.



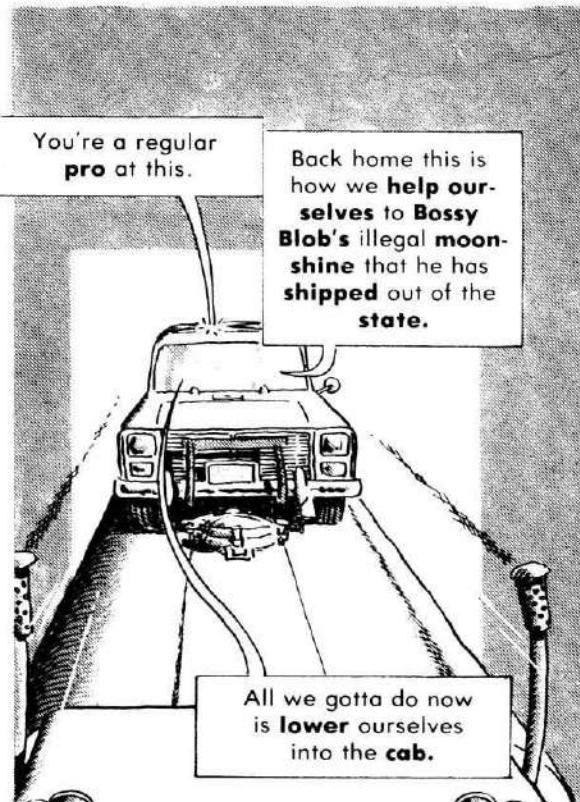
We'll talk about that **weapon** later. Right now, there's the **oil truck**. Don't let 'em get away.



Time to do some of your fancy driving, Boo.



You're a regular pro at this.



All we gotta do now is **lower** ourselves into the **cab**.



What the...

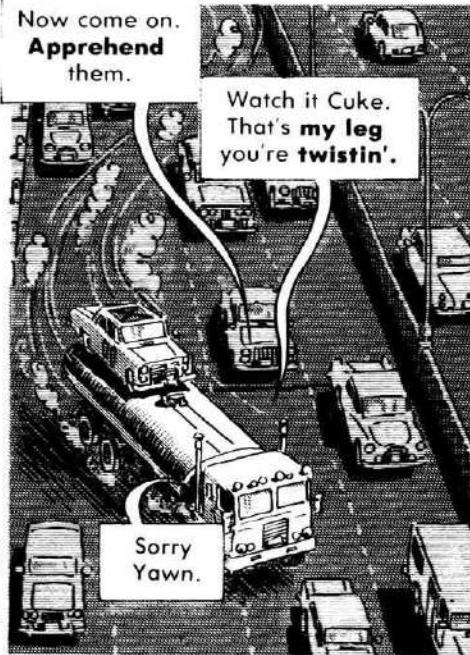
It's that little brass guy from the movies.

You have the right to remain silent and to...

Now come on. **Apprehend** them.

Watch it Cuke. That's **my** leg you're **twistin'**.

What the heck you **readin'** to him for, Punch. We wanna **arrest** him — not **entertain** him.



Sorry Yawn.



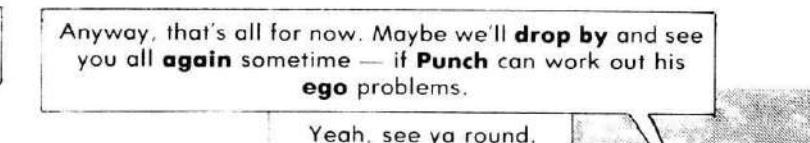
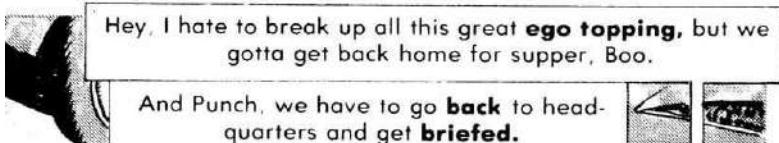
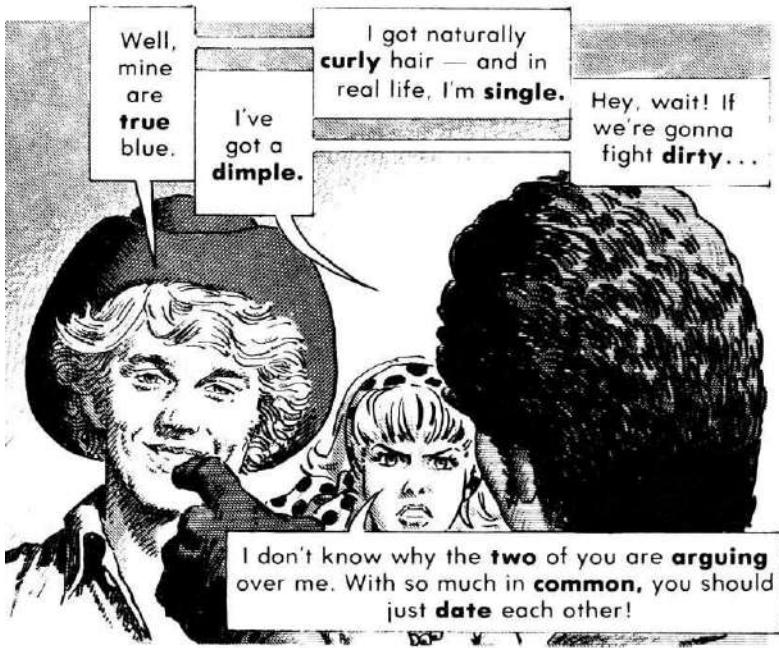
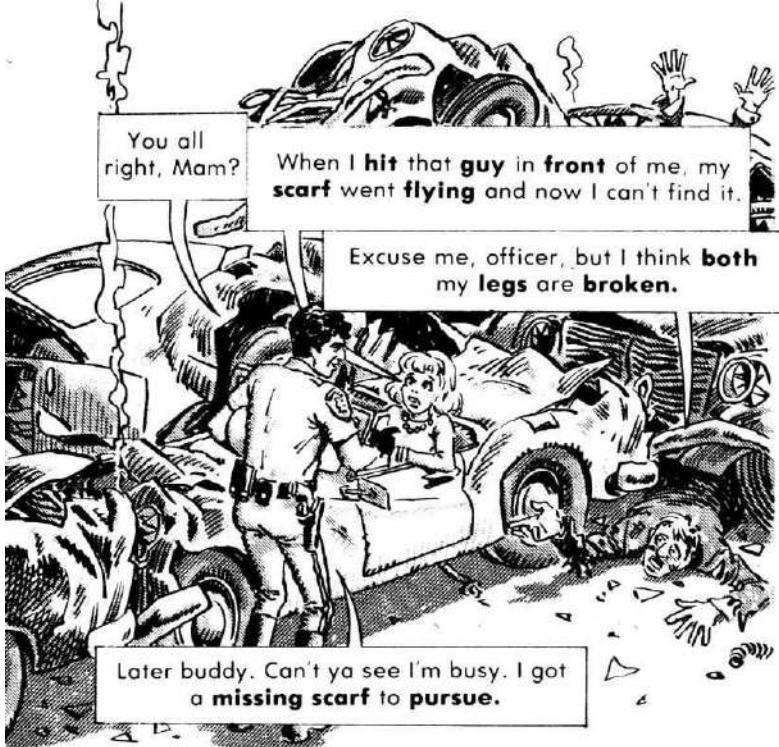
Well, we **did** it.

You certainly did.

This never happened during our **pursuits** in **Hazzardous**, but then we're usually the **only car** on the **road**.



I'd better **attend** to the **injured**.



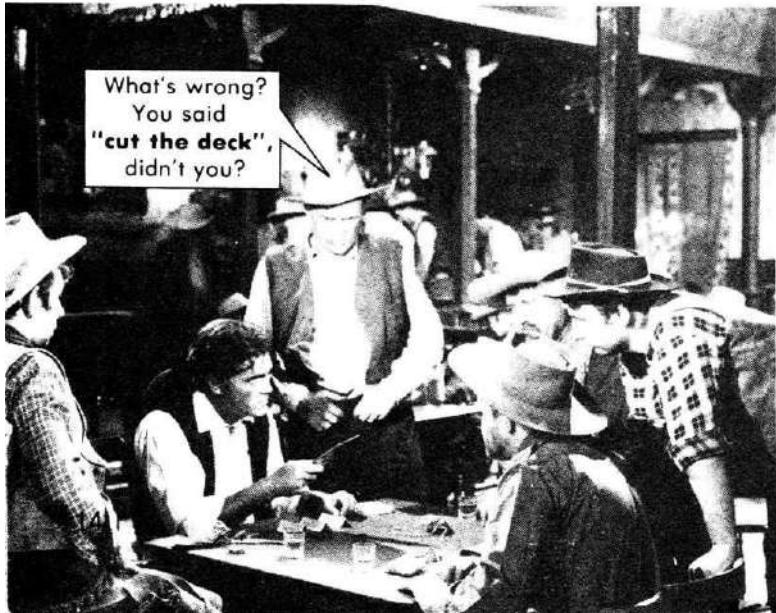
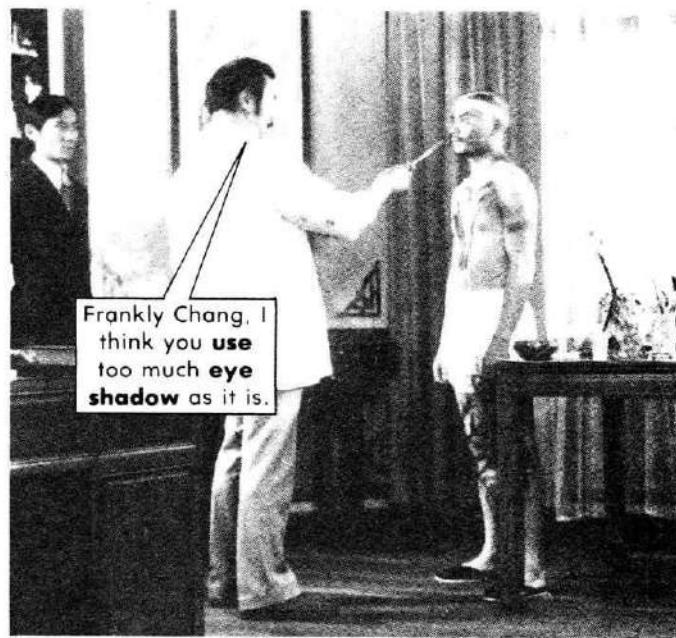
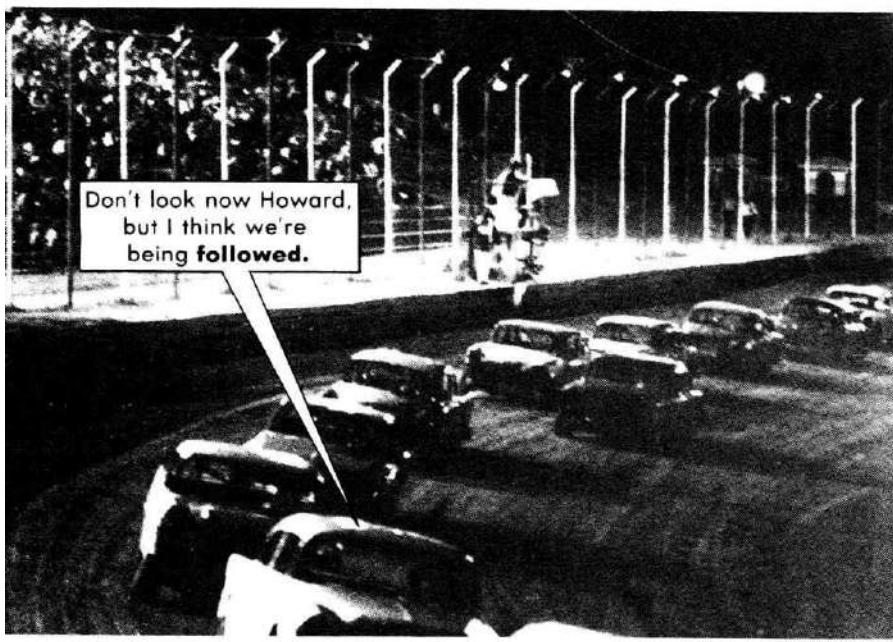
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UNDENIABLY, THE VERY, VERY, LAST OF

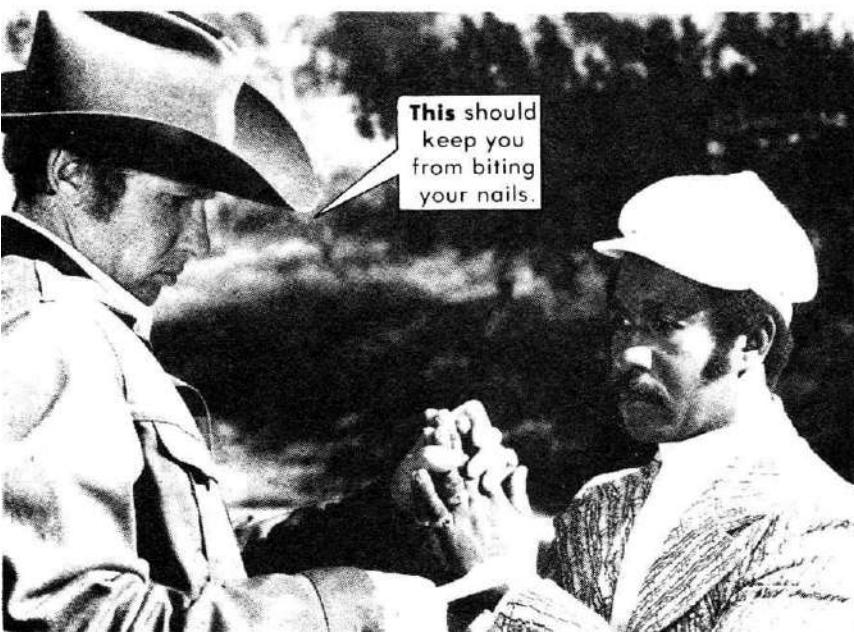
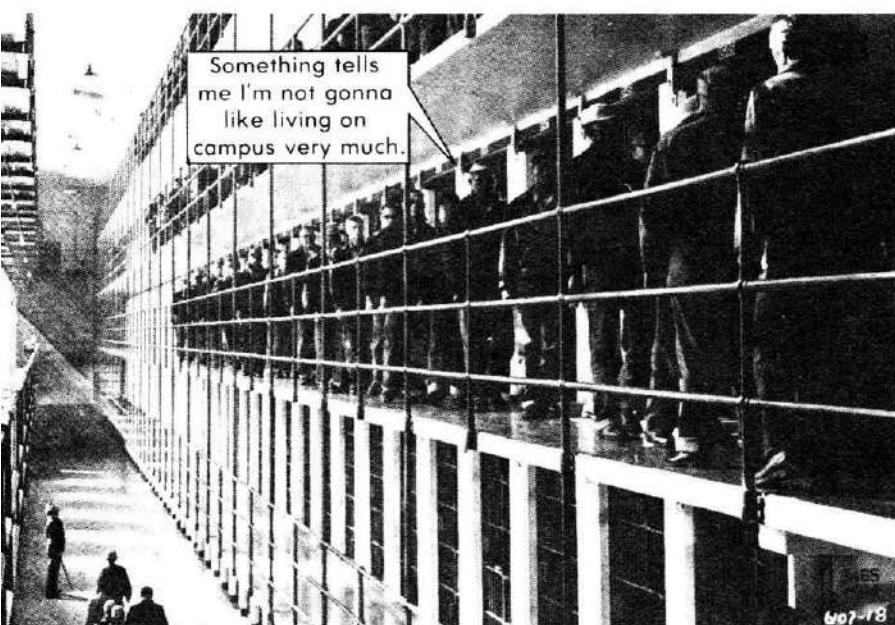
THE CRACKED LENS



Well, what are you **waiting** for?
Haven't you ever **crossed**
a **mine field** before?!









Oh, I see
you've
already
met my
wife.



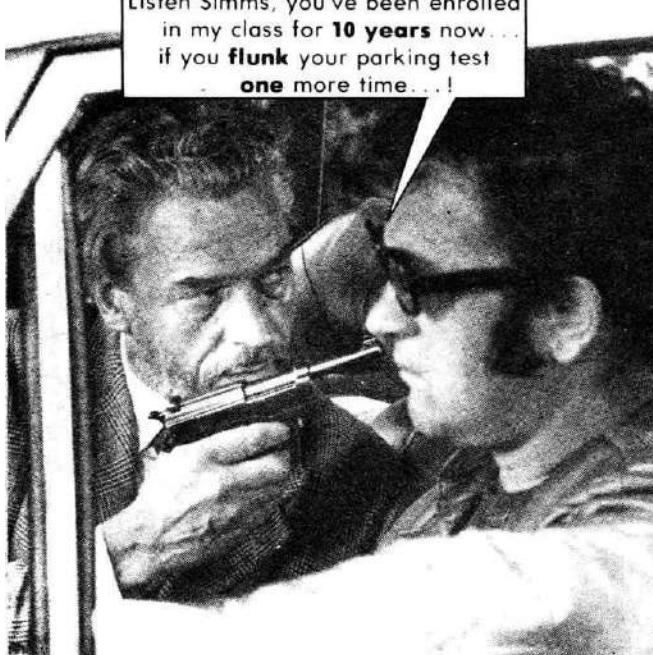
But I don't
want your hat,
Mr. Scott.
I like mine!



Gee pa,
all I wanted
is my allowance
before you die.



I said,
you are
standing
on my
foot!



Listen Simms, you've been enrolled
in my class for **10 years** now...
if you **flunk** your parking test
one more time...!



Mrs. Dobbs claims you called
her a **dunderhead**. Is that **true**?



Sure the water's **rusty**, honey.
But just think of all the
minerals and **iron** we'll
be getting for **free!**



Darn you Wilhelm!
When are you gonna
learn to **drive a**
stick shift!



For years now, women libbers have been mouthing off about how they want to be treated the same as men. Well, as just about any guy can tell you, being a man ain't all that hot. In fact, being male sometimes carries with it some pretty lousy responsibilities. But, if libbers are really serious about all this, then let them start doing the miserable things men have been stuck doing for years. In other words

IF WOMEN REALLY WANT TO BE TREATED EQUALLY . . .

...Let them go for the car next time you come out of a movie and it's pouring rain!



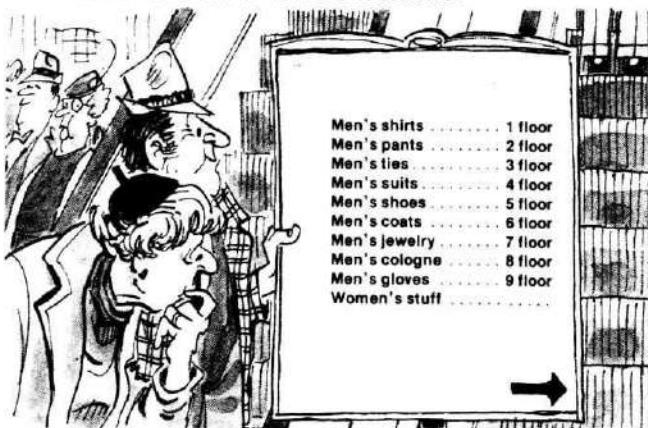
...Let them allow male reporters into their locker rooms while they're showering and getting dressed!



...Let them see how they like the "mandatory jacket and tie rule" in scorching 98 degree restaurants!



...Let them have only one tiny corner of an entire department store devoted to female fashions!



...Let them carry the heaviest packages next time you go shopping!



...Let them blow half-a-week's salary on a fancy dinner just to make the right impression on a date!



...Let them come up with a boxer that can go ten rounds with Larry Holmes!



...Let them walk through six of the roughest streets in the city to make sure a guy gets home safely to his door!



...Let them get out and fix the flat!



...Let them start offering their seats to men on crowded buses!



...Let them get up and check for prowlers next time you hear a strange noise in the middle of the night!



...Let them ignore the cry of "Women and children first!" next time they're on a sinking ship!



...Let them wait on line for popcorn and miss the first 10 minutes of every movie!



...Let them move the living room furniture while the men decide where it looks best!



Every so often, our minds here go off wandering. We think about world problems, internal affairs and what we're gonna order for the annual CRACKED picnic and onion hunt. But sometimes our minds get really laid back, and we begin imagining life at its best as we start having

I don't believe it! It's a **letter** from **Benny** saying that his college books for this semester were **\$11.82 less** than he figured, and he's sending us **back the change!**



Excuse me Mr. **Corkmonger**, but before I start pumping your gas, I have to **change the price**. It went **down a nickle** since last time you were here.



Walter, I'm not **good enough** for a man as wonderful as you. I want you to **divorce me** and **marry Bo Derek** like she mentioned she wanted to do in a recent T.V. interview.



We've run out of the **\$1.69 Chicken Ala King Special** since you ordered it, but to make it up to you, we'd like to substitute the **2 lb. lobster and steak** for the **same price**.



The winner!! **Mr. America**
1980—
Walter Corkmonger!



Need a **spot**? I'm going out and there's still **6 hours left** on the **meter**.



Cracked Fantasies

We're all out of 10's. Can I give you 2 **hundreds** instead? We've got so many extra in the safe.



Sorry, Mr. Corkmonger, but it's not a collapsed cesspool that's giving you all that trouble—there's an **oil well** in your backyard.



Excuse me maam, but this **letter** to your **husband** took a **day** too long to get here, so we'd like to **refund** the 5¢ **postage** to you.



You're in luck, sir. Of the **60,000** **suits** we stock, the one you've chosen happens to be the **sole** **suit** on **sale** today.



Marge! Look at this! The **supermarket** actually **has** the item listed on their **super duper coupon**!!



This is your **Captain** again, and as we make our **final approach**, we'd like to announce that we'll be landing 35 minutes **ahead** of schedule.



CRACKED is thinking horses never agree on anything because one of them is always saying, *negative!*

All I have left for Saturday's Rolling Stones concert is 1st row center. Is that O.K.?



The **Presidential News Conference** scheduled for this time will be held off until later so that we may bring you **Celebrity Skeet Shooting** as originally scheduled.

Bobby, we discovered the reason you got the "D" on this **exam** is not because you're a **brainless dork** like we told your dad, but because the teacher **misread your paper**. In fact, you're really a **genius** and should have received an **AAA++**.

We understand you've been having **trouble** with your car's **ashtray**?...Well, your **1977 Flupmobile** is obviously a **lemon**. We'd like to **take it back** and give you a **1981 model** instead.



Walter, instead of holding our **annual convention** in Dayton, we're moving it to **Honolulu** and I want **you** to be the company's **sole** representative. In fact, get there **2 weeks** early so you're completely **rested**...and take the **company charge card**...and your **wife**...and **kids**!

And the holiday weather calls for **heavy rains** and **snow** everywhere in the world except **Veronica Lake**.



YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET ANYWHERE WITH HIM/HER IF....



Communication involves more than words. Body gestures, facial expressions and eye contact all play a part. And yet, we still have ways to conceal our moods, feelings and reactions. Imagine how open communication would be if others could read your thoughts and know exactly

WHAT YOU'RE REALLY THINKING

Hope you like the tie Pop!

I like it so much I'll put it on top of the others I never wear.



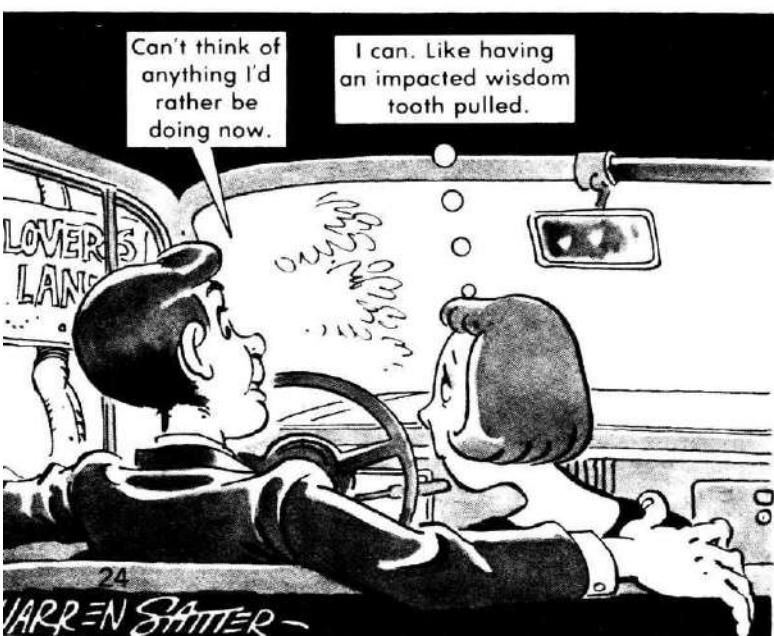
A family party wouldn't be the same without Uncle Albert playing his accordian! Any requests Reggie?

Yeah, can I leave?



Can't think of anything I'd rather be doing now.

I can. Like having an impacted wisdom tooth pulled.



Is this the number 12 bus?

No lady. It's the number 13 doing a great impersonation.





For a leisurely change of pace from the hectic articles so far, we thought we'd tie one on and give you the *reel lowdown* on a place our competitors wouldn't touch with a ten foot pole.

So wade along with us as

CRACKED VIS



BITS THE OL' FISHING CREEK



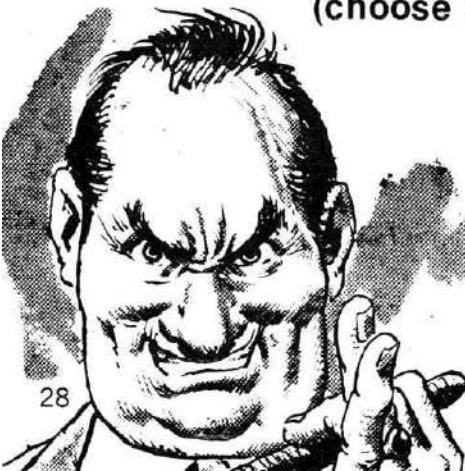


Politicians always seem to be defending themselves against charges made about them by their opponents. In fact, they put in so much effort making denials and excuses that they don't have time to do what they're supposed to do: represent the people effectively. So, in order to help them find more time to do their jobs and still reply to accusations made by the opposition, we patriotically present

CRACKED'S ALL-PURPOSE, TIME-SAVING "DENIAL OF CHARGES" SPEECH FOR POLITICIANS

(including alternate wording that can be used by the honest ones)

(choose one)



My

friends
fellow citizens
dear neighbors
wonderful constituents
skeptical listeners



I wish to speak to you

as a true patriot
as a loyal American
as someone who loves truth
more in sorrow than in anger
as a guy who's worried sick

about a matter

of grave concern to all honest men and women
that is more important than mere politics
that must be dealt with openly and candidly
that has far-reaching significance for us all
that's keeping me up nights

It recently came
to my attention

when I read it in the papers
when a supporter wrote me
when I heard some rumors
when I received an anonymous phone call
when my campaign manager suddenly
became hysterical

that I have been accused of

taking graft
stealing government funds
having affairs with other women
bribing public officials
helping my friends get juicy state
contracts
belonging to a spy ring
secretly contributing to a group
that plans to take over our country
plotting to destroy labor unions or
capitalism
condemning motherhood, religion and
apple pie
all of the above, and a lot more, too



Under ordinary circumstances
I would not bother to

reply to such base slander
take time from my pressing duties to
answer these lies
dignify such a dirty smear by even
acknowledging it
engage in name-calling with these
nasty character assassins
blow my top just because someone
found out my secret

However, I feel that you,
the voting public

have a right to know the facts
are as insulted by this lie as I am
will judge the matter fairly when you

know all the details
are being manipulated by evil forces
might kick me out of office unless I
make up some excuse in a hurry

I must say, though,
I am not surprised

that my desperate opponent has begun
slinging mud
that the crafty connivers of the other
party have taken the low road
that my enemies, sensing defeat, are
trying everything to stop me
that this despicable story has been
publicized right before the election
that those lousy snoops finally
discovered the truth





I deny that	vile	accusation	categorically
	vicious		unequivocally
	unfounded		wholeheartedly
	disgusting		forthrightly
	embarrassing		with my fingers crossed



The story itself is pure poppycock
made of whole cloth
part of a leftist plot
a deliberate distortion of my record
amazingly accurate



I do not believe for a moment that the corrupt politicians who made up this story will get away with it my constituents would actually believe such nonsense an informed electorate will be unable to understand the issue clearly this falsehood will lose me a single vote you're going to buy my ridiculous excuse



because my entire political career proves my intense devotion to American ideals my refusal to back down from a fight my persistence in the face of great odds my God-given integrity my greed, stupidity and phoniness



Therefore, my friends,
this beautiful neighborhood
ward
city
county
district
state
nation



has a unique opportunity
serious challenge
unparalleled obligation
glorious chance



to strike a blow for liberty
strengthen our American system of justice
deal four-square with this problem
face our common future confidently



by . . . refusing to believe the filthy libels of my enemies
continuing to give me your trust
contributing generously to my campaign
booting crooks like me out of office on Election Day



Everyone knows you can't get away with running a red light or committing murder because there are laws and jail sentences to take care of these major wrongdoings. But what about the lesser things in life—those acts against another human being that are considered minor by the law, but are really major in your own day to day life. Things like having another person steal the parking spot you're about to take or having your mail delivered soaked. For these acts of injustice we think society should start enforcing

12 months or 10,000 hours in a Detroit jail!



...for still having the price sticker on your car three months after you purchased it.

90 days on a farm giving sponge baths to cows!



...for putting a carton of milk containing 2 drops back in the refrigerator.

One year cleaning the cages at the ASPCA!



30 ...for allowing your 200 lb. dog to slobber all over anyone who comes into the house.

Six months in chains in a damp, musty basement!



...for pressing all the buttons in an elevator as you're getting off.

\$50 off your bank account's balance!



...for clipping coupons out of newspaper before anyone else in the house has had a chance to read it.

30 days at the Franklin Mint rolling counterfeit pennies!



...for trying to break a \$100 bill at a 25 cent toll booth.

THE CRACKED PENAL CODE*

*Punishments for crimes that aren't, but should be!

Compulsory viewing of a 36 hour Farrah Fawcett Film Festival!



...for loudly discussing the ending of a movie on your way out of the theatre.

Forced wearing of Liberace's old suits!



...for knowing only one song (badly) on the piano and insisting on playing it all night at a party.

One year making license plates in the State Penitentiary!



...for taking up two parking spaces at a shopping center on a rainy day.

Being thrown into a vat of hot, melted butter!



...for deciding you want popcorn in the middle of a movie.

Two years repainting the white line on the San Diego Freeway with a one-inch paint brush!



...for honking within two seconds after the traffic light turns green.

Life imprisonment in solitary confinement with no chance for appeal, parole or Presidential pardon!



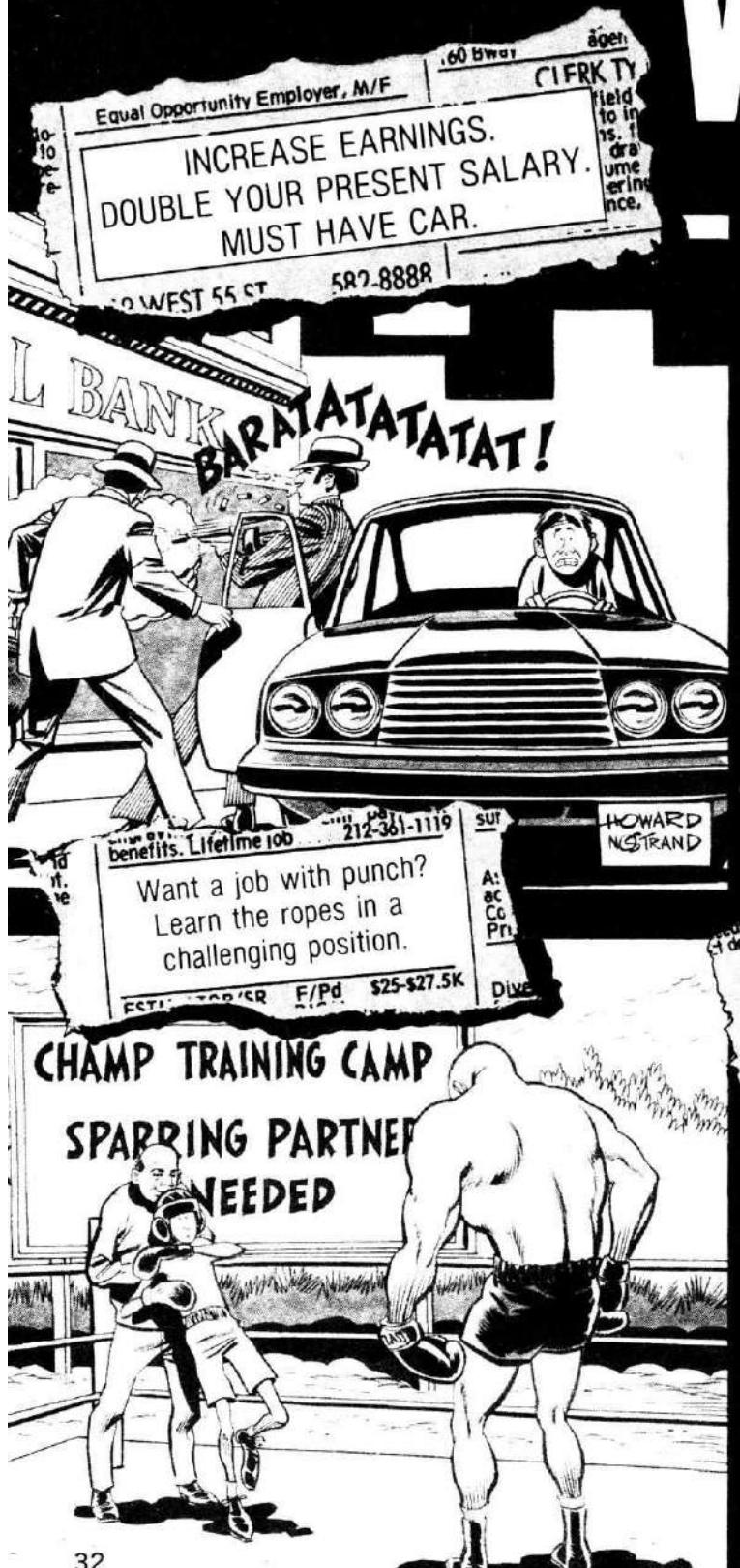
...for publishing articles like this in a national magazine.

When you read the job classifieds, every position sounds good. Then why aren't all those positions filled? One reason is that you don't know what you're getting into. Here's what you everything you should know. You

WHAT "HELP WANT



WHAT THEY



nds like it was made in heaven. But if that was the case,
on is that these cleverly worded classifieds just don't tell
you'll see what we mean as you read

ITED" ADS SAY AND REALLY MEAN!



ROCK FAN
needed to assist
promoter at live shows.

GAL/GUY FRI

GEOLOGY EXHIBIT

METEOR



NEAR 42 ST LOWER LEVEL

CAREERS
in broadcasting.
We'll put you on a
leading station.

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

THE 2:21 TO NEWARK NOW LOADING ON TRACK 12

DISPATCHER
BOOTH

Sorry you didn't
get your degree?
Clean up with us,
and we'll put you
through college at night.

WASSAMATTA
U.

AJAX
FLOOR
POLISHING CO.

McDonnell
DIAL AGENCY 20 E 42 ST 10017

One day New York.
The next day Chicago or L.A.
Get into a job that's
headed in all directions

COMPUTER OPERATOR



Call Del
Jonathan 924-6650

Many openings to fill.
If you're willing to bend
a little, we'll put you
right into the heated
excitement.

ELECTRONIC TECHNICIAN



ASSIST PRESTIGIOUS
PUBLISHER.
Learn the ins and outs
of the magazine business.

EXEC SECY

\$240-260

CRACKED
MAGAZINE

IN

OUT

Gat M
Dict
MCCAI
Typing
exp p
626-61
GAL/
Matur
SCH

LOSER

APRIL
Fool Issue

\$1.50

(Even with this
price we lose
money)

THE MAGAZINE FOR DEADBEATS

• In This Issue •

**I Carried My Bride
Over The Threshold Of
Our Honeymoon Suite
... And Got A Hernia!**

**The Night I Called The
Suicide Prevention Clinic
—They Put Me On Hold!**

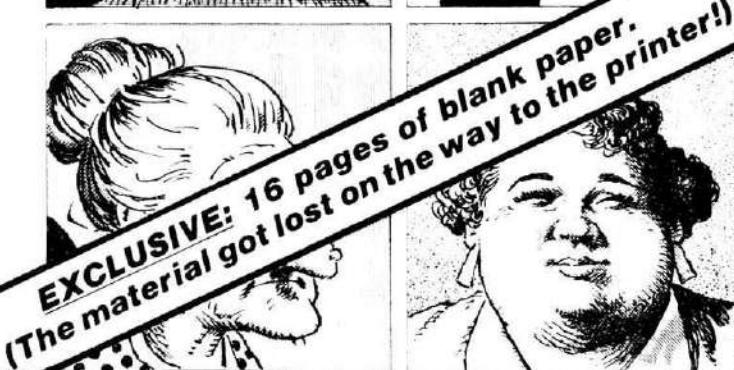
**101 Ways You Can
Cheat At Solitaire
— And Still Lose!**

**A Losing Couple's Lament:
We Refinanced
The Mortgage On Our
Home Thru Bert Lance!**

**8-Page Picture Section
Of Secretaries Chosen
By Their Bosses' Wives**

**After A Year Of
Unemployment,
I Finally Landed A Job:
Night Watchman At
Three-Mile Island**

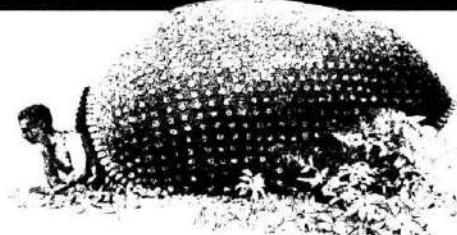
**... And many other
losing articles.**



**EXCLUSIVE: 16 pages of blank paper.
(The material got lost on the way to the printer!)**

LOSER

THE MAGAZINE FOR DEADBEATS



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Exclusive: The U.S. Surgeon General Offered Me A Cigarette! 26

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OUR FIRST AND LAST ISSUE

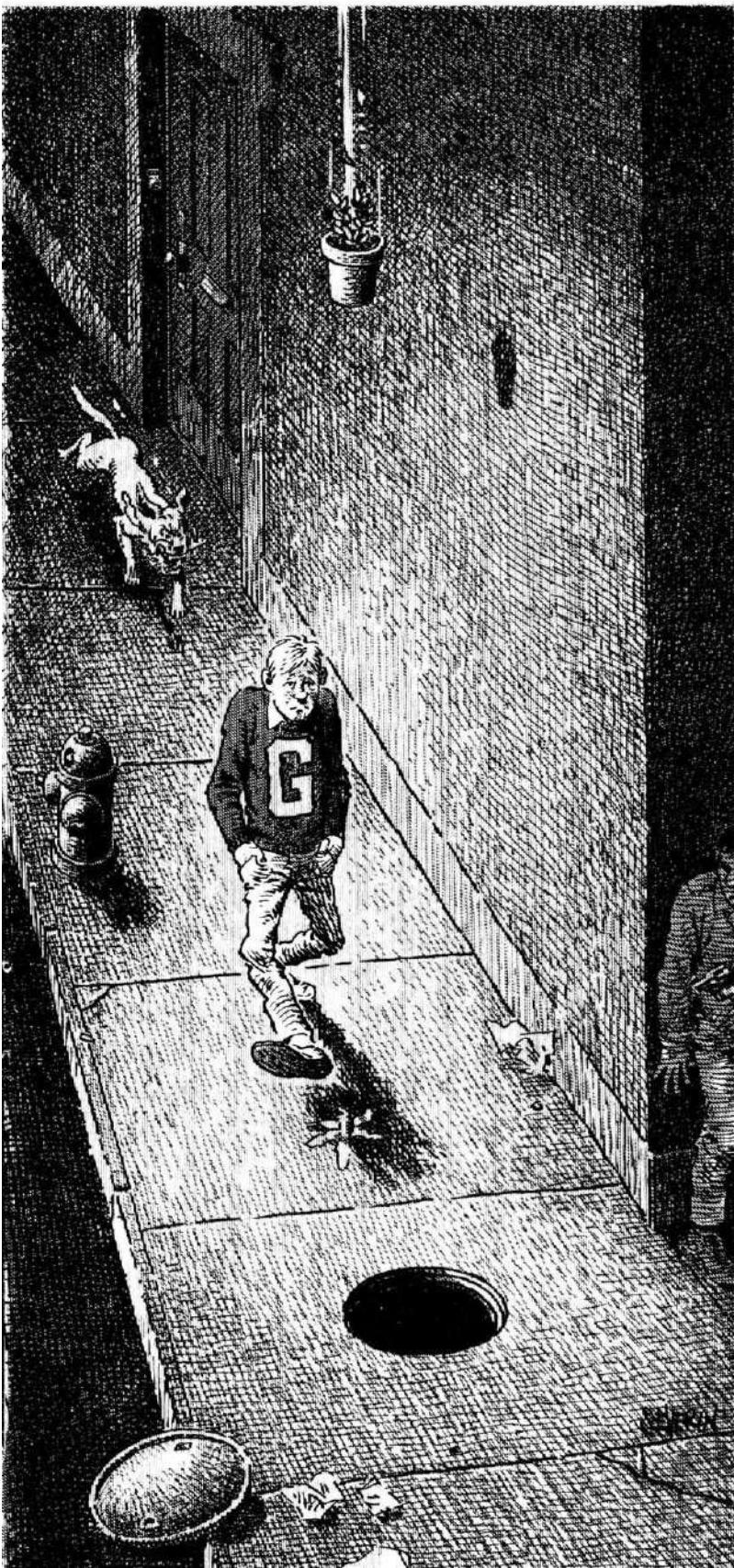
(We can't make a go of it!)



Loser Magazine is published irregularly (whenever we remember the deadlines) by the Losing Publishing Company (figuratively and literally) Atlantis. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts (Mainly because we're not responsible). All material becomes our property and none can be returned (as we're always losing the darn things). Subscription rates vary (as we keep messing up the bookkeeping). Printed in the U.S.A. (only we wish we knew where).

PRIZE-LOSING FEATURE ARTICLE

I WAS THE WORLD'S BIGGEST LOSER —



**I didn't even get
paid for writing
this article!**

by T. S. Idiot

(as told to his psychiatrist)

I was a loser at everything. I couldn't do a single thing right. Once I was hit by a car, knocked 30 feet away, and was arrested for leaving the scene of an accident! Another time I tried to help an old lady cross the street, and she hit me over the head — thinking I was a mugger! What can I tell you — I'd put my best foot forward and slip on a banana peel!

That's the way it used to go for me. I'd go into the woods with a girl, all set to make out — and get a sudden case of poison ivy! My father once let me have the family car for the evening — I had an accident — and he sued me! Would you believe it — I had a nose job and it grew back!

I grew real desperate. I tried suicide, but even that I goofed up. I tried cutting my throat with an electric razor. Then I ran in front of a parked car. I even tried jumping off the Empire State Building. But, dummy that I am, I jumped from the first floor.

Then it happened. In one shining moment I saw my whole life flash before me. I knew then that I wasn't going to be a loser any more. I was going to make something of my life and be a winner. And so I decided to abandon all my worldly goods and join a religious cult like the Moonies or Hari Krishnas. But you want to hear my luck? I was there two weeks when the head of the cult called my family to come get me back!

Today, I'm still the world's biggest loser. Are you ready for this? I just came home and found my parents have erased my name from my birth certificate!

TINQUIRING THE LOSER

Question:
As a loser, what
was your most
embarrassing moment?



Waldo Finstadder, Rustee, Kans.
"I got an award from the National Safety Council last month. Wouldn't you know — on the way up to the podium to accept it, I tripped and broke my leg!"



Denzil Grovis, Aintno, Mo.
"I saw a sign on a men's room wall at the downtown bus terminal. It said 'If you want a good time, call a certain number.' I called that number, my wife answered!"



Verna Smedley, Wishy, Wash.
"A fortune teller told me to avoid airplanes or I'd have a very bad accident. So on my next trip, I took the train. My luck — a plane fell on it!"



Hobart Frammis, Praisebe, Ala.
"In the street one day I found a wallet containing \$300. I immediately turned it over to the police. What happened? They arrested me for being a pickpocket!"



Seymour Hotchkiss, Ver, Minn.
"After a year or so, I finally got up enough nerve to go streaking. I climbed over a fence, took off all my clothes and started running. Would you believe it — I was in a nudist camp!"



Pula Kinlai, Skeleton, Ky.
"To impress my dinner companion, I ordered the entire meal in fluent French. You'd say that was pretty classy, huh? Only I forgot I was in a Chinese restaurant!"

All names have been changed to make them funnier.

Dear Loser

ADVICE TO THE LOVE-LOST



I'm a total mess! I hurt all over. I've got aches and pains in every part of my body. I tell you, I'm a complete physical wreck! What should I do?

Frantic

*Dear Frantic,
You should stop worrying — as long as you got your health!*

Nobody cares for me. I haven't a friend in the whole world. I'm so lonely, I could die. Do you think it would help if I got a German Shepherd?

Desperate

*Dear Desperate,
No, those German Shepherds care only for sheep. Get a dog instead!*

Everything I do seems to go wrong. I bet on a horse, it comes in last. I go into the woods, I get stung by a bee. I finish washing my car, it starts to rain. So I decided to commit suicide on New Year's Eve — unless you can help me!

Wits' End

*Dear Wits' End,
Again you goofed! Your letter got lost in the mail — it arrived January the 20th!*

I'm such a loser, I can't relate to anybody at all. That's why I've fallen in love with an Orangutan. What's more, I plan to marry him! What do you say to that?

Distraught

*Dear Distraught,
Nothing. Just make sure it's real love — and not just a physical attraction you feel!*

I'm tired of being a loser. I want to do something big — like break the bank at Monte Carlo! How would I go about doing that?

Fed Up

*Dear Fed Up,
First you get a very large hammer...*

QUIZ

ARE YOU A TRUE LOSER?

**Take this test and
find out.**

1. In the restaurant, the waiter spills the soup on your jacket?
Yes () No ()
2. When we get to the head of the bumper-to-bumper traffic, we find that it's your car that has stalled?
Yes () No ()
3. In the police lineup, it is you that the lady mistakenly picks out as her attacker?
Yes () No ()
4. When breaking up a street fight, you're the one who winds up with a broken jaw?
Yes () No ()
5. In the Army on Christmas Eve, you're the one assigned to guard duty for the night?
Yes () No ()
6. On New Year's Eve in Times Square, do the police pick you up for loitering?
Yes () No ()
7. Are you the one who gets to the box office a minute after the prices change?
Yes () No ()
8. When we get to the bottom of the football game pileup, it is your body we find lying there in a broken heap?
Yes () No ()
9. After seeing a movie, do you wait at the side door waiting for the star to come out?
Yes () No ()
10. Tell the truth — do you still buy things retail?
Yes () No ()

SCORING

If you answered 3 of these questions Yes, you're not such a loser after all. If you answered 8 of these questions Yes, you really are a bona fide loser. If you answered more than 10 questions Yes, not only are you a real loser — but you can't even add — as there are only 10 questions.

FOR THE LOSER WHO HAS EVERYTHING . . .

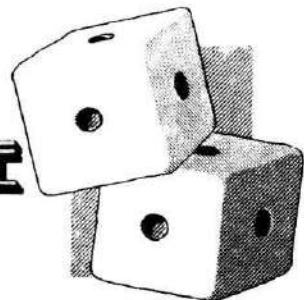


LOSING POKER HAND

A ready-made setup for that weekly game with the boys!

ALL SNAKE-EYES DICE

Throw them anytime — they always come up a loser!



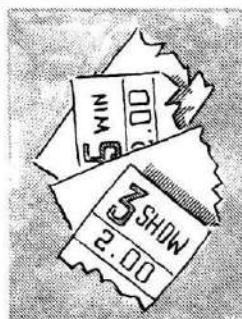
EVICTION NOTICE

THIS PREMISES ARE IN OWN NAME
OR IN THE NAME OF OUR ASSOCIATES
WE HEREBY NOTIFY YOU THAT
OUR TENANT, MR. AND MRS. JAMES
DOUGLASS, HAVE BEEN UNLAWFULLY
DETAINED IN THIS PREMISES SINCE
MARCH 15, 1974. WE THEREFORE
RECEIVE YOU HEREBY TO QUIT
THIS PREMISES AND REMOVE
ALL PERSONAL PROPERTY
WITHIN 10 DAYS FROM THIS DATE
OR ELSE WE WILL TAKE
LEGAL ACTION TO EJECT
YOU FROM THIS PREMISES.

Eviction Notice

Just fill in your name and address (former address, that is!)

LOSING OFF-TRACK BETTING TICKETS



Already torn in half in disgust.



REAL POISON IVY PLANT

Easy to rub on any part of the body.

Each Item

(Please add \$896.00 per item for postage — we mail them from Mongolia)

Losing Novelty Co.

Fiven, Tenn.

LOSER OF THE MONTH



Osgood Ferndip
Veree, Ill.

For opening the front door of his new home and having the good-luck horseshoe fall down and hit him on the head!

(Note: This honor is posthumously awarded.)

5 EXCITING VACATIONS FOR LOSERS



- 3 weeks in sunny **UGANDA**
- A cruise along the **BERMUDA TRIANGLE**
- 21 Days in downtown **IRAN**
- A weekend at **THREE-MILE ISLAND**
- Overnight in the **EAST BRONX**

At bargain prices you can't afford to pass up even if you're a winner!

LOSER TRAVEL BUREAU

Island No. 711

Thousand Islands

A Non-Profit Organization
(It just turns out that way)

CONTEST

Find A Name For This Loser

(So we can tell him to get lost)
(during the hurricane season)



WINNER WILL RECEIVE AN ALL-EXPENSE-PAID TRIP TO KEY WEST

Address all entries to Contest Editor, in care of this magazine, no later than midnight, December 31, 1980 — as that's when we have to return him to the asylum!

*Learn to be an even bigger loser!
Enroll today in the*

CLODD SCHOOL FOR LOSERS



OOLAH, LA.

Founded 1812
(Lost again 1813)

We teach these exciting courses:

- How to lose gracefully at Russian Roulette.
- How to put on your shoes and socks in the morning — in that order
- How to get a cavity in your false teeth
- How to gain weight
- How to get a failing mark on all these courses

Write today — before our lease expires

IN NEXT ISSUE



- I Won On The Dating Game — And Got Stood Up!
- How I Robbed A Bank In New York City — And Got Mugged On The Way To The Getaway Car!
- The Winetaster Who Got Fired For Drinking On The Job!
- And other losing articles!

On Sale Soon (If we ever make the deadline!)

HELP SYLVESTER FIGHT INFLATION!

**WE ARE REDUCING CRACKED'S SUBSCRIPTION PRICE!
YOU GET ONE ISSUE FREE! WE DON'T KNOW HOW LONG
WE CAN MAKE THIS OFFER! SO, SUBSCRIBE TODAY!**



BUY 8 ISSUES AND GET ONE FREE!

CRACKED SUBSCRIPTION DEPT.
235 PARK AVE. SOUTH
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10003

Here's another six dollars for my friend. He hates inflation too! Send him 9 issues.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____

This offer only good for U.S.A. and Canada.
Others: \$7.00 for 9 issues.

CRACKED SUBSCRIPTION DEPT.
235 PARK AVE. SOUTH
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10003

I hate inflation too! Here's my six dollars. I get 9 issues at this bargain rate.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____

9 Issues - \$6.00
Outside U.S.A. - \$7.00*

*Canada and others outside the U.S.A. must pay with a check drawn on a U.S.A. bank or by International Money Order. Allow 10 weeks for subscription to be processed.

CRACKED SONGS

BROKEN MOTOR OPERA (Sung to: "I Can't Get No Satisfaction")

I can't get no — warp drive action.
I can't get no — chain reaction.
Well, I tried
Overdrive
And I blew out Warp 5.
Engines don't go,
Engines don't go.

When I'm spinning through outer space
And a man comes on the Video,
He's telling me to try the choke,
But I can't use the choke cause the motor's broke.
I can't get no... vroom, vroom, vroom... Putter sput...
No warp drive action,
No chain reaction.

Then I turn on the viewing screen
And I don't even see an asteroid,
And my nuclear fuel is turning into gruel,
And I'm drifting in the endless void.
I can't get no... vroom, vroom, vroom... Putter, sput...
I can't get no... boom, boom, boom... I'm kaput.
No warp drive action.
No chain reaction!



LAMENT OF THE INSECURE ALIEN (Sung to: "If I Only Had a Brain")

I would be exhilarated
If my head was not serrated,
And my nose was in its place.
Though I've powers a-plenty,
I would not feel sad and empty
If I only had a face.

I would not be just a Tribble,
My mouth a hollow dribble.
My head looks like a vase.
I could see through my eyeballs
'Stead of peering through my elbows
If I only had a face.

Oh, I
Can even fly
In zero gravity.
I can breathe on both the land and in the sea,
But I can't kiss
No lips.

Oh, I'd like to have a nose job,
And some eyebrows and some ears on,
And some wrinkles I could trace.
I'd be the happiest of creatures
If I only had some features,
If I only had a face!

FROM OUTER SPACE

THE CELESTIAL BUSINESSMAN'S BLUES (Sung to: "On Broadway")

They say my hotel's bound to fail, on Pluto.
They say I should have built a jail, on Pluto.
But I don't care how they complain,
At least this planet has no rain,
And I just know I'll make a gain, on Pluto.

They say that I am too far out, on Pluto.
They're all afraid they'll catch the gout, on Pluto.
But they don't know, I've got a plan:
I'll build a Pluto Disneyland.
And rent some condominiums, on Pluto.

They say there's too much ice and snow, on Pluto.
They say the tourist trade won't go, on Pluto.
But you can see that they're all wrong,
Cause you can ski here all year long,
And now they're coming here in throngs... to Pluto!



UNIVERSAL M. D. BLUES

(Sung to: "Oh What a Beautiful Morning")

Oh, some doctors just practice on people
And some doctors just practice on dogs
But a doctor in space
Has a terrible pace
And I get more confused with each case that I face.

Oh, what a sickly Venusian,
Oh, what a strange purple spleen.
How can I give a transfusion?
When he has blood that is green!

Oh, I've learned to transplant an antenna
And I've learned how to keep his tongue blue.
And I've learned how to treat
All those corns on webbed feet,
But then what can I do when his feet have the flu?

Oh, what a sickly Venusian,
Oh, what an odd wavy nose.
How can I mend this contusion?
If I don't know where it goes?

THE GALAXY CONSERVATION BALLAD

(Sung to: "Yesterday")

Space debris.
What a mess I see in front of me.
There's a sputnik dumped in '63,
Oh, I can't stand this space debris.

Rocket shells,
And these burnt-out satellites as well,
Guess where all the old explorers fell?
Oh, I'm awash in space debris.

Now the stratosphere is just a metal clump,
And the Milky Way looks like a garbage dump.

What a bog.
All the stars are dim with stellar smog.
It's enough to make your engines clog.
Oh, I can't stand this space debris!



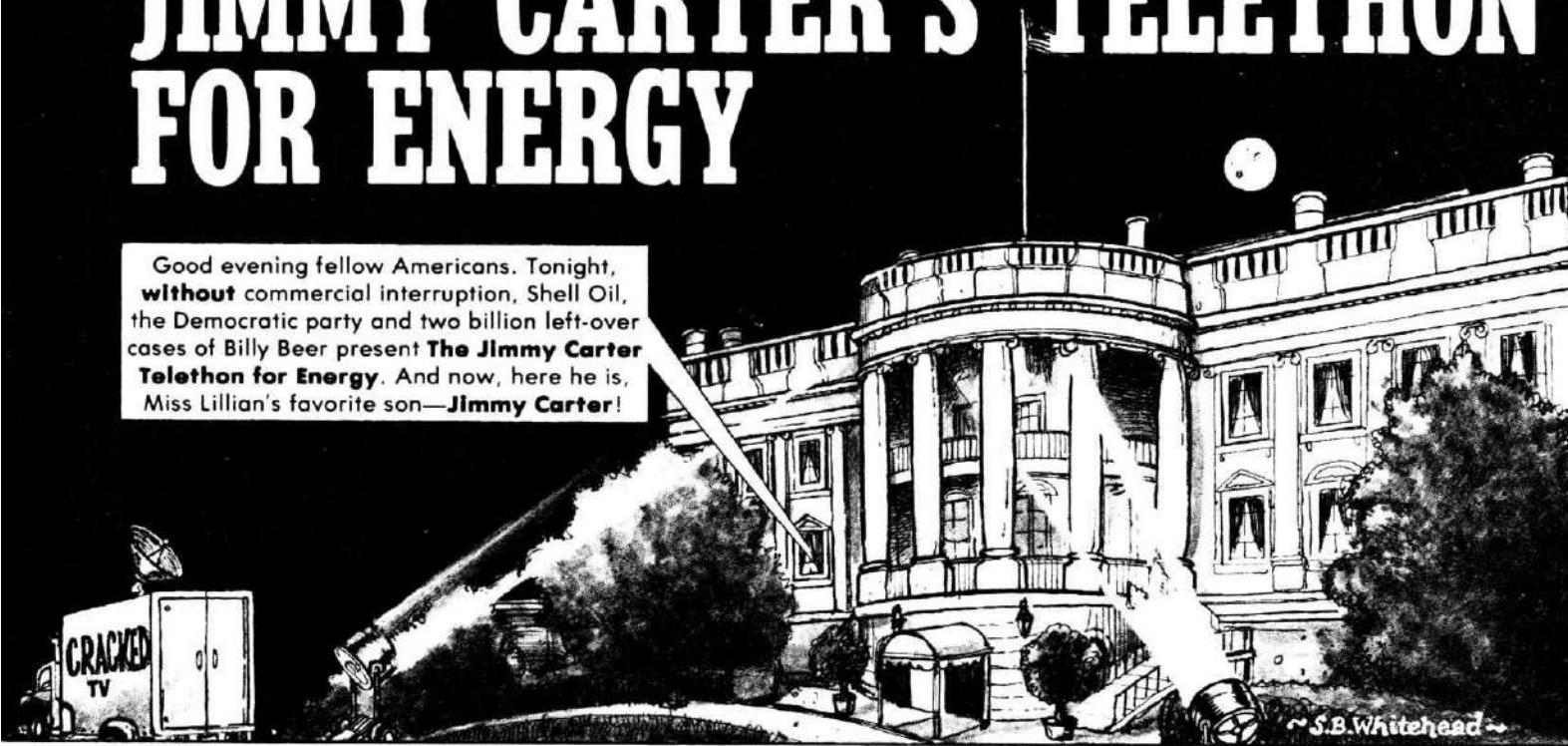
ye Hang Ups



When America has a problem what does it usually do?—No, it doesn't always write to Ann Landers.—It appeals to her citizens and asks for their support. Then, the people of this great land do all they can to help solve the crisis. Well, friends, we're in the midst of another one of those crises right now. And to help solve this biggie, we thought it might be wise if besides asking for everyone's help, we also presented

JIMMY CARTER'S TELETHON FOR ENERGY

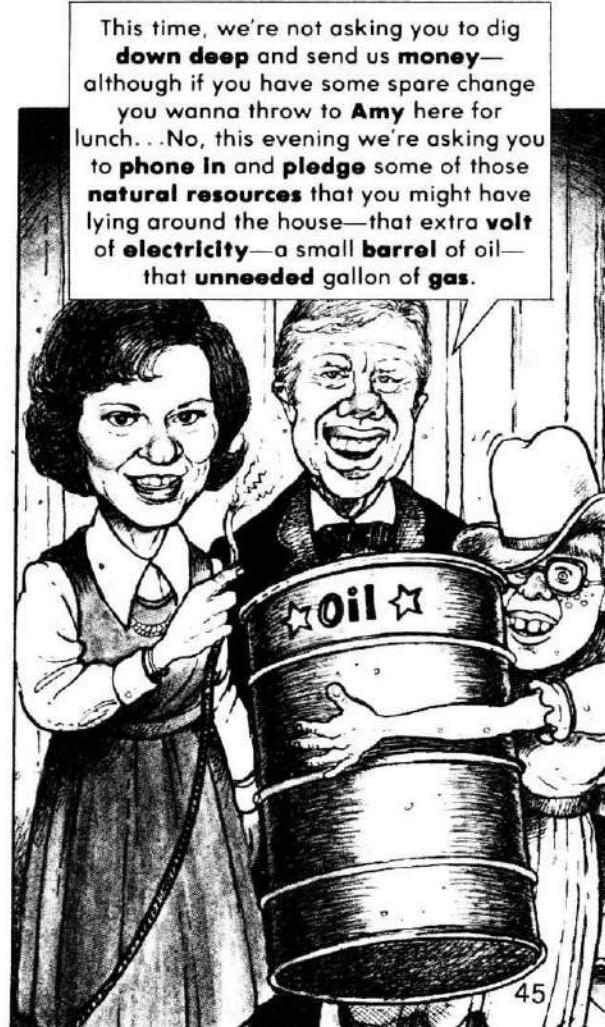
Good evening fellow Americans. Tonight, without commercial interruption, Shell Oil, the Democratic party and two billion left-over cases of Billy Beer present **The Jimmy Carter Telethon for Energy**. And now, here he is, Miss Lillian's favorite son—**Jimmy Carter**!



Good evening. Golly, it's good to be on **national television** for a change without a whole lot of **reporters** asking a whole lot of **embarrassing questions** about my latest sure-fire plan for solving **inflation**. No, this evening we're addressing ourselves to a whole different **foul-up...ah, problem!**

As you know, America is in the midst of a severe **energy crisis**, and tonight I'm taking time out from my **busy** schedule of not **campaigning** to hold this telethon which is trying to raise **one billion** gallons of needed energy to help turn this **problem** into just a minor **dilemma**.

This time, we're not asking you to dig **down deep** and send us **money**—although if you have some spare change you wanna throw to **Amy** here for lunch...No, this evening we're asking you to **phone in** and **pledge** some of those **natural resources** that you might have lying around the house—that extra **volt** of **electricity**—a small **barrel** of oil—that **unneeded** gallon of **gas**.



Well, we've been on the air for over five minutes now, so let's check our giant tote board—drum roll please.



Ah, wait! This is a **seeded** roll. But the total to date is a whopping **three gallons of energy**.



Ah, Jimmy...

Well, **hello Dolly!** A big hand please for Miss Dolly Parton.

Jimmy, a man just **telegrammed** that he's going door-to-door right now trying to persuade people to switch from **wasteful electrically-powered appliances** to some **battery-operated** ones he's invented.



Amazing.

See this Iron?

It uses no electricity. Neither does this refrigerator.

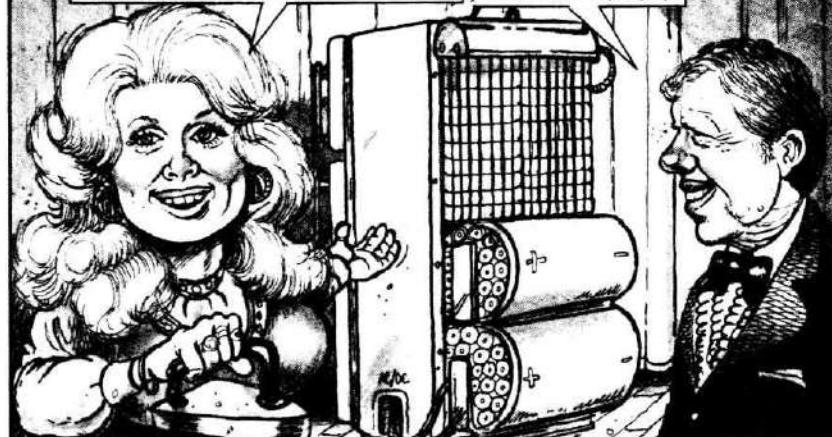
Why that means people could be saving

2 gallons of oil a day for every refrigerator that was **converted**.

Instead of spending **18¢ a day** on electricity, all a person would need to run this appliance is...

1100 D-sized Duracell batteries.

Oh, Nice try, guy.



And you know how, on all them **other** telethons, they show you **victims** who, despite their problems, are making do and **attempting to walk?** Well, this one is no different.

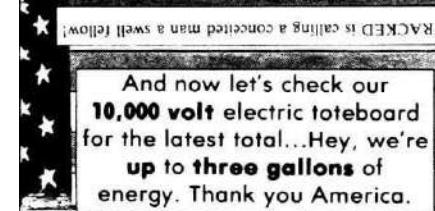


CRACKED is destroying the back pages of a book so you can have your appendix out!

Because tonight, right on our stage, we've got **ten**—count 'em—**ten business executives and congressmen** all **out of their limousines** and **walking to work**—a true miracle!

Look ma! I'm walking!





And while Jimmy is finishing up with that latest **pledge**, I think it's time to give you some **phone numbers**. To reach us in the **east**, just dial 1. In the **south and west**, dial 2, and if you're an **Arab** leader with a **conscience**, you can dial **toll free** on Jimmy's **private** red phone. Just call area code 326-732-6214 and **ask for the President**.

I'm back and here with me now is that great singer himself, Mr. **Kenny Rodgers**. We enjoyed having you perform at the **House** the other night, Kenny.

My pleasure. Although, it did get a little **sickening** doing "**Georgia On My Mind**" 6 times in a row.

It's just a favorite of Rosalynn's and mine.

And speaking of favorites and favors, I'd like to **donate a gallon of gas** for the **Presidential plane**.



Thank you Jimmy. Since 1978, we've been trying to find ways of getting people to **drive less**. Did you know that some actually go as much as **1/10** of a **mile** out of their way just to save a **measly 8 or 10¢** on a gallon of gas? Well, thanks to the **petroleum companies of America**, we think we've eliminated that **needless driving**.

Why thank you.

By the way, is it true that everytime you fly from **Washington to Plains** you burn enough fuel to heat **28,000 homes**?

Rumors, Kenny. **Rumors**! And besides, I've been taking a **Greyhound Bus** last 2 times out. They now have a special **Presidential discount fare**.

And now a word from a man who's been **suffering** along with the rest of us during this recent crisis. The **president** of the **Hexed-On Oil Company**—Mr. **Ben Goodforus**.



How's
that?

Last month we banded together and agreed on a **fixed price** so that now we **oil companies** can get you for the same **ridiculous amount** no matter where you try and go. Now that's progress, Jimmy.

Mr.
President?

Yes, average **Brooklyn** resident. Are you willing to make a **sacrifice** to help this country become **less dependent on foreign oil**?

That's
America!

Iran...I mean I am. Instead of going to bed at 1 a.m., every night I've pledged to hit the sack at 8:00 so I can get up **ally** the next day.

We thank
you kind, but
obviously
demented person.

WHO'S
THAT?
IT'S O.K.
I THINK
IT'S ONE OF
HIS COUSINS!

Good
news,
Jimmy.

It's **Dolly Parton**
ladies and
gentlemen.

You
already
did
that.

Anyway, **thirty** residents of **Marin County** in **California** have agreed to help you out tonight by trading in their **Cadillac Sevilles**—which only get **11 miles** to a gallon—for **Buick Rivieras** which get a whopping **12!**

Well, thank
you one and
all for your
sacrifices.

I DON'T KNOW
WHAT ALL THE
FUSS IS ABOUT
HER FIGURE!

And folks, later on tonight my **economic** advisor will be here **live** giving you the latest **inflationary price** increases on all the things you use in your daily lives. Then all of you out there can **turn off** your **heat** and save **precious oil** as you get **steamed-up** over what he says **naturally**.

Ah, Jimmy. Ladies and gentlemen, **Dolly Parton**!!

Enough Jimmy. Don't blow the **few friends** the polls show you still have. Anyway, as I was saying: Mr. **Ernie "Ironjaw" McStassen** has come by to do his part tonight.

What
the...



Mr. President, since your appeal started, I been goin' round town collecting old engines so that you can drain the oil from each and recycle it.

Why that's wonderful!...Dirty, but wonderful. Where'd this one come from so that we might acknowledge its owner too.

Oh, this one came from some limo parked out front. I ain't quite sure of the owner's name because no one was there when I lifted it from...I mean when it was donated from the car.

I KNOW...
TOO MANY
ENGINES
AND NOT
ENOUGH
CHIEFS!

CRACKED is thinkin' the fastest animal always wins because he's a cheetah!

Jimmy, I know we're on the air, but our limousine's engine's been...

I know. Wanna send in the secret service and FBI so they can thank Mr. Ironjaw here and accept his donation.

You mean this is...Well, wouldn't you like to contribute a little something to the cause, I mean...

Excuse me, but which one of you is Jimmy?...I've come because we in Miami Beach are conserving energy by using old Sol to heat our hot water.

You're using Solar Energy? Very wise.

What Solar? ...Sol!...

...Sol Mendelson!! He's got a fireplace and heats up water for all the other tenants in the building instead of us having to use our hot water heaters.

Well, after 8 hours on the air, I think it's time to check our tote board again—drum roll please!!

Dolly, I can't understand why we still haven't topped five gallons.

Because it seems the people out there really are saving energy, Jimmy.

Great! But how? At 8:00, instead of wasting useless electricity watching you, everyone in America turned off their T.V. sets.

00000005

Thank you America!

CANTER'S ENERGY

SHUT-UPS



Shut-up, Chief. I claim these islands for the King and Queen of Spain!



Doctor, look how happy they become just over a little cheap wine!



SHUT-UP! We're supposed to experiment with monkeys...



HOW TO USE YOUR CRACKED IRON-ON

It can be used on T-Shirts, sweatshirts, jackets, bedspreads, pillowcases, the back flap of your long johns or just about anywhere.

All seriousness aside, it'll work on almost any fabric, although Polyester and Polyester Blends do work the best. AVOID use on heavily napped fabrics.

DIRECTIONS

1. Roll the dice and move the amount of spaces . . . whoops . . . sorry, wrong directions.

1. Remove Iron-On page carefully from magazine.

2. Using a dry iron at WOOL temperature setting, test a scrap of the fabric you wish to use to make sure it can take this degree of heat. **IF YOU'RE ONE OF OUR YOUNGER READERS, HAVE AN ADULT HELP!**

3. Position Iron-On face down on the fabric. Pin Iron-On to fabric to avoid movement.
A. Cover Iron-On with sheet of light-weight paper.

4. Press iron down, and firmly but gently move iron back and forth while counting slowly to 60. Be sure to press iron evenly over the entire page. Remove page from fabric.

This Iron-On can be used more than once. Simply follow the same directions but hold the iron down on the fabric a little longer.

OUR GIFT TO YOU!

SEE BACK
OF STANS-T

SEE BACK
OF STANS-T

GREAT MOMENTS

IN TECHNOLOGY

ROME

ITALY

MAY 13, 186 B.C.



HOWARD NG STRAND

MARCUS BULOVA'S
INVENTS THE
WRISTWATCH.